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# BRADLEY: HIS BOOK

Vol. I. AUGUST, 1896. No. 4

## A SONG OF HIGH SUMMER EUGENE R. WHITE

**T**HERE'S a stir among the  
heart-strings like a bee  
within the clover—  
Sound of blossoms bub-  
bling over !  
Chanting in melodious  
rune

The orchestrated murmurs of a field ad-  
vance at noon.

Catch the cadence from the corn-field,  
catch the lilt that day is dancing,—  
Pennoned Summer-hosts advancing  
Led by August, ripe and riant ;  
While the tiger-lily's trumpet sounds its  
burning call defiant.

And adown through each life's garden,  
through the aisles and through the arches  
Jocund love, with laughing, marches.  
Rich the rondure of her reign !  
Fellowcraft of heart and harvest falls to  
worship in her train !

## UNIVERSAL LOVE OF ART AMONG THE JAPANESE ♣ R. VAN BERGEN

**I**D you ever read : *La  
Mare au Diable* ? If so,  
you must have been  
struck with the painfully  
true pen picture of the un-  
ceasing toil of the French  
peasantry, and you must have asked of  
yourself the question : What is there in  
such a life to induce a human being to  
continue its existence ?

This thought has often occupied me  
when passing the tillers of the soil engaged  
in their daily occupation in Japan. The  
sun has scarcely made its appearance on  
the eastern horizon, when the peasant and  
his family, females not excepted, issue  
forth to their tiny fields, where every inch  
of soil is made to yield to the utmost ca-  
pacity. The kimono, (gown, used by

**ACT 1. SCENE I.** A hill outside  
of the town—harbor and ships seen  
through the trees in the distance. ♣  
Enter townspeople singing dolefully.

